



Dennis The MENACE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

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10c



the Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

MEET DENNIS' TV PAL, JOEY

Not many boys (or girls either) have a job before they even start kindergarten, but four-year-old Gil Smith has. He has been selected to play the part of Dennis' little friend Joey in the "Dennis the Menace" TV series which Kellogg's cereals will sponsor on CBS beginning this fall.

Acting comes naturally for Gil; in fact his father says Gil might as well get paid for doing what he does all the time anyway. His Dad, Glenn R. Smith, is a commercial airline pilot; and his pretty mother, Teri York Smith, is a singer-actress.

Gil is the proud owner of a toy Schnauzer named Brigadier. His mother sometimes worries about the dog, because Gil's favorite food is peanut butter, and he figures that if he likes it, his dog must too!



Midget Stand-in "Shrinks"!

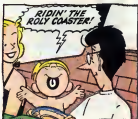
The stand-in for Jay North in the part of Dennis is a midget named Tom Thurman, who is just Jay's height — 45 inches. But — Tom Thurman is also the stand-in for Gil Smith, who is only 36 inches tall. So, the midget has to kneel down to take Gil's place — the first time in television that a midget had to "shrink" to keep the job!

**WATCH FOR DENNIS
ON YOUR C.B.S. STATION
THIS FALL**

Television's Dennis, Jay North, defends his little pal, Joey, played by Gil Smith, against all comers!

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BY THE SEA, 
BY THE SEA,
BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA....





Don't be such a
grouch, Dennis!
We'll make our
own fun!



SAY! Maybe
that's an idea!



I feel like
Robinson Crusoe
away out here.

Well, I'm
not your man
Friday! Help
me with these
things



VIPPEEEEEEE!

HURRY!

?

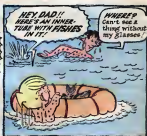


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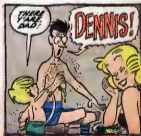
DENNIS!

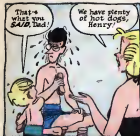
**WATCH
-WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING!**



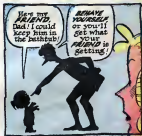
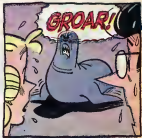






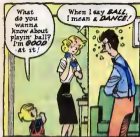


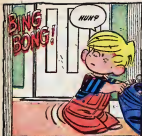


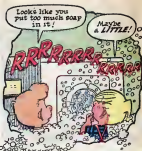


ALL BALLED UP













A FORTUNE IN FLAMES

"CAN I go in the bank with you, Dad? Huh, Dad?"

"May you, Jimmy," Mr. Foster corrected, locking the car. "And the answer is no, you may not. A bank is no place for children. Just pick up Mother's dress at the cleaner's and run along home."

But Jimmy tagged along as his father approached the bank where he was Head Cashier. Jimmy had been allowed in the bank once or twice before it opened for business, and he had been impressed by the huge sliding mechanism of the vault door that his father opened after the time lock clicked. He wanted to see it again, and as his father unlocked the front door of the bank he persisted:

"Come on, Dad, be a sport! Let me come in, just till the vault opens."

And a voice behind them growled: "Yeah,

Dad. Let the kid in — and us, too."

Jimmy and his father whirled. Behind them stood three men carrying brief cases. Their free hands bulged menacingly in their coat pockets. They were dressed quietly and conservatively, but their faces were grim, their eyes hard and dangerous.

With a startled glance at Jimmy, Mr. Foster obeyed, and they all walked in.

Immediately, the three men sprang into well-rehearsed action. One snapped the door shut and leaned against it, pulling a pistol from his pocket. Another ran noiselessly to the vault. And the third checked the drapes drawn across the big front windows, making sure they were closed.

"Thanks, Dad," the one at the door grinned crookedly. "Have a seat — rest yourself."

As his father sat in a chair, Jimmy edged away. He knew there were alarm buttons at each cashier's cage, and if he could reach one of them . . .

"Hold it, kid!" the thug snapped.

"I — I was just gonna sit at Daddy's desk," Jimmy stammered. "Sometimes he lets me do that."

"Okay," the man growled, "but no tricks, see? Keep away from the alarm buttons and the phone. We don't want any interruptions while we work."

So Jimmy sat at his father's desk, wide-eyed, watching the beginning of an expert job of bank-robbery. At the vault, the two men were neatly laying out canvas cash bags, ready to fill them when the time lock released. One was whistling softly, happy in his work. And at the front door, where the shade was still drawn, the third man now had Jimmy's father standing beside him.

With the first tap on the door — the signal of clerks arriving for work — the robber nudged Mr. Foster, who peeked past the shade and admitted a young secretary.

"Good morning, Mr. Foster. Isn't it a nice . . ."

The door clicked shut, and the robber ordered the startled girl to lie face down on the floor. Another employee knocked, and another, and one by one they were





admitted and forced to lie on the floor.

Not one had a chance, or dared, to call out to the people walking past outside.

It was all going off like clockwork — like the clockwork that was clicking away in the time lock of the vault, clicking off the seconds until the big door would be released.

Scared as he was, Jimmy didn't think of himself, only of his father. He had worked for years and years in this bank, and loved it. Now it was being robbed and he was helpless to prevent it. Maybe he'd even lose his job because of this! Desperately, Jimmy wished there were something he could do to help, some way he could get the police.

But if the police *did* come, it would take them time to get through the front door — time enough for somebody in the bank to get hurt. From the look in these men's eyes, Jimmy knew that they would stop at nothing.

He clenched his hands on the desk top. That was when he noticed one of them was warm — quite warm. And that was when he got the idea.

The window drapes exploded in a great *whoosh!* of searing heat that scorched Jimmy's eyebrows, driving him back underneath a desk.

From his hiding place he heard the yells and screams of the frightened bank employees; the roars of the robbers shouting for quiet; the crashes of glass as the big front windows, shattered by the heat of the flames, fell on the sidewalk outside.

And in seconds — literally seconds, for the fire station was just around the corner — Jimmy pecked around the desk and saw flames clambering in the windows, extinguishers shooting at the drapes, making way for the policemen who poured in with pistols ready.

When it was all over, Mr. Foster collapsed in his chair and wiped his forehead. "That was a close call, Jimmy. We have a tremendous payroll in the vault — that was why I didn't want you in here. But thanks to you, we still have it.

Then he frowned. "It was a clever idea — probably the only way to get the police in here without anyone being hurt. But I didn't know you carried matches, son."

"I don't," Jimmy grinned.

"Then how did you start the fire? There aren't any matches in these desks — no one is allowed to smoke in here."

"I did it with that, Dad!" Jimmy said gleefully, pointing to the front window.

Puzzled, his father looked at the shattered window already being boarded up by workmen, the sun shining through the gaps in the boards. "I don't understand!"

"It was the sun!" Jimmy told him. "I was sitting here when my hand got real warm, and I saw the sun was coming in a little crack in the drapes and hitting my hand. Then I saw something else — the big magnifying glass you use to look at money you think might be no good.

"That's how I started the fire — by shining the sunlight through the magnifying glass onto a piece of paper. I got a good fire going in the wastebasket, then I sneaked it over under the drapes. That did it!"

"And that saved the bank a fortune," Mr. Foster said quietly. Then he thought of something and began to chuckle.

Surprised, Jimmy asked: "What's the joke, Dad?"

"The joke's on me, son!" his father laughed. "Don't you remember what I said when you asked me to let you come in the bank? I said a bank is no place for children!"

THE END

THE CASE OF THE SOGGY DOGGIES





You're gonna
look **AWFUL** when
Mom comes home!



An' **SMELL**
pretty, too!



IN, BOY...
IN!

NOPE!



SPLOOSH!



You
think you're
SMART,
don't
ya!

OWOOOO!

Don't blame
ME! I don't
like baths
neither!



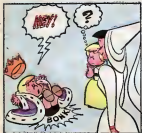






A GRAMPA STORY









CACKLE!

And I made you break your crown! Now you're not king any more!

OH, YEAH!

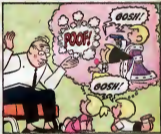


I keep the **REAL** crown in the **BANK!** THIS is just a **IMITATION** one!

WHAAT?



And **HERE'S** some of your **MAGIC WATER!**



POOF!

GOSH!

GOSH!



And that's what the Jack and Jill story is **REALLY** all about!



Wonder why Mother Goose didn't write the story like that in the first place?

I guess she didn't have a 'magination like Orump!

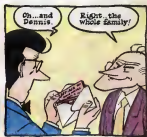
WHEN YOU GOTTA GO...

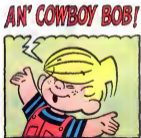




HOLLYWOOD!!



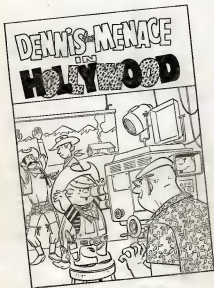






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